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FOR THY NAME'S SAKE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MILLIE COLCORD.



PORTLAND, ME.:
HOYT, FOGG & DONHAM.
1878.

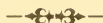
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DEVOTIONAL.

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Millie Colcord.

Born Aug. 15, 1859. Died March 16, 1878.



IT is in response to the earnest wish of loving, personal friends of the writer of these poems, that a few pages are given to some glimpses of the life and character of one whose early "going home" has made so sad a break in the circle which she helped to make pleasant and joyous. One other thought also has had an influence in leading to the preparation of this sketch,—the wish to add another proof that a faithful Christian life is not inconsistent with the thorough freedom and naturalness of child-life ; but, on the contrary, makes that life far more joyous and renders the young mind doubly appreciative of all the beautiful things in the world about us.

The subject of this sketch was not naturally of a rugged constitution, though with care she enjoyed comparatively good health. In childhood she was quiet, somewhat reserved, very

fond of reading, and delighted in flowers, the woods, and the sea-shore. With the children of her age she passed the usual course of study in the public schools ; yet from a very early age she enjoyed choice books of prose and poetry, and the quiet corner with a favorite author was generally preferred to out-door play with her school companions. She was, from early childhood, an enthusiastic walker, and in her frequent excursions through forest, field, or by the sea, flowers, mosses, and shells were made tributary to her enjoyment.

She was always reverent of sacred things, constant in her attendance at the Sunday-school and church ; but not until she was fourteen years old did she cherish a hope that she was a child of God. Her religious experience was characteristic of the workings of her mind. There was no special religious interest at the time, but for some weeks she had appeared more thoughtful than usual, and less inclined to seek the society of her schoolmates. The question of duty was considered and decided in her own mind, and one evening, on which a meeting of the church committee at the pastor's house had been appointed to confer with

those wishing to unite with the church, she expressed her intention to attend. She made known to the committee her wish to unite with the church ; and to them, and subsequently to the church, the relation of her religious experience was intelligent and singularly clear. She was baptized the first week in May, 1874, and the covenant which she then entered into with the church was very sacred to her till her death. She enjoyed all the appointed meetings of the church, and nothing over which she had control was ever permitted to interfere with her attendance upon them. It was not a matter of words, nor of conscience merely ; but instinctively, as the bird seeks its nest, or the child the restful enjoyment of home, she sought the service of the sanctuary and the place of social prayer. She would sing softly to herself from her favorite hymns when alone, and often after she retired to rest her voice would be heard, sometimes for an hour or more, humming the sweet songs which she had gathered in her memory.

She entered the high school when she was sixteen, and the year and a half which elapsed from her entrance to her last sickness was a

period of very great enjoyment. She was younger in appearance than those of her age; but her mind was mature, and her intellectual and religious growth was very marked. She was conscientious in her school duties, earnest in the application of religious principle to the correction of faults in her life, and strong in the wish to find ways of usefulness in the service of the Master she loved. Her faith in prayer was very strong, for she had a trustful confidence in God, feeling sure that he would grant her prayer if that would be best for her. She went to him for little things as well as great, as a child would go to its parent.

In the spring of 1876 she began to cherish more earnestly the wish to do some work for the Saviour, aside from the ordinary service incident to her home and school life. This feeling is indicated in the piece, "My Work," written at that time. She had manifested an unusual facility of composition, and her mother having suggested that it might be her duty to consider this power as a talent committed to her, it appears from an entry in her diary that she resolved to make an effort to use it in this direction. Some time that summer she

wrote the piece, "My Strength," and the following November, on her mother's birthday, she gave her the piece, "Another Year." Two of these were published, before her illness, over the signature of "Pansy," the other appeared, after her sickness, over her own name.

In saying that she had manifested a talent for writing, it should also be said that she herself was apparently unconscious of its possession. If at any time her school-work called for the use of this power, she readily responded to the call ; but she had no thought of it as an unusual talent, nor were her friends aware of its extent until, in response to the suggestion referred to above, she called it into the service of her Master.

In January, 1877, Mr. and Mrs. Needham conducted a series of meetings in Portland in which Millie and many of her young friends were much interested. The Bible-readings of Mr. Needham were especially valuable to her, and all through her subsequent illness she often referred to them as having given her a far more vivid idea of the extent and reality of God's promises in his word. In the short vacation in the schools, which occurs in February,

she could attend nearly all the meetings held during the week's release from school-work, and it was a source of great joy to her to know of the conversion of many of her school-mates.

At this time she was apparently in better health than she had ever been before, and entered upon the new school-term with glad anticipations of pleasant study and rapid progress. But about the middle of March her friends were alarmed by a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. It first occurred one evening, just after she had retired to rest, and appeared at intervals for ten days, and resulted in leaving the left lung permanently diseased. Her strength rapidly declined, and for several weeks her life hung apparently by a mere thread. Her friends gave up all hope of her recovery, and when she herself, in answer to her questions, had been told by her mother that she would not recover, she lay in thought a little while, and then putting her arms about her she said, with a smile, "Mother, it is all right."

She bore her suffering with uncomplaining patience, and after some weeks' confinement

the scale turned in her favor, and she began slowly to gain strength. Her mental and religious feeling during those days is expressed in the poem, "My Way," which she dictated to her mother after she was told she would not recover. When it was very doubtful as to her living through May, she expressed the wish that she might live till the strawberries came; and to her aunt she said that it would have been pleasant to live to finish her school-course, so as to give all her time to work for the Saviour. She did not wish to die, for she enjoyed life and all its pleasant associations; yet she ever expressed her entire acquiescence with God's will. She took each day as a gift from her heavenly Father, and rejoiced in it, leaving the future in the care of one to whom she felt that she could safely entrust her welfare for both worlds. The last of May she was able to sit up a little while, and gradually improved so that she could take short walks in the open air. She knew well that she held life by a frail tenure; but life was more than pleasant to her,—she was joyous in its possession, and her heart overflowed with thankful-

ness to her heavenly Father for all the pleasant things with which life was filled.

With coming strength she began to compose the poems in this little volume,—most of them being suggested by scenes or experiences in her own life. As the evidence that they were received with favor and served to aid many in the Christian life came to her, she was filled with wonder that God gave her success in her humble efforts, and rejoiced that he had given her strength again to do a little work for him. A subject would suggest itself to her, and sometimes very quickly, at other times more slowly, she would finish the poem in her mind, and afterward dictate it, generally in its finished form, to her mother. Five were written before her illness; all the rest she composed between May and the following March, finishing the last one, “The River,” about ten days before her death. She frequently had two or three in preparation at the same time; and once, when her mother was busy through the illness of another member of the family, she had four completed ones in memory at once.

She gained sufficient strength to spend a

week in the country, but the disease slowly progressed and her strength wasted away. She enjoyed the society of her friends, and with the little group of classmates who gathered about her she shared in the conversation over their school-life, interested in all their struggles, and entering fully into all the subjects that interested them. Her society was delightful to them, for she was always cheerful, happy in the assurance that her heavenly Father arranged everything in her life for the best, and imparting to all about her some of her own glad and grateful spirit. In the loving and thoughtful ministrations of her school-mates, teachers, and other friends, she recognized the ever-present love of God, and rendered to him the tribute of a loving and trusting heart. What God planned was always best for her, and she gave herself to his care with the confiding trust of a child.

In the religious aspect of her character there was nothing unnatural or precocious, or not in accord with a thorough enjoyment of, or interest in, the ordinary duties and pursuits of daily life. When in health, in her extended walks in forest or field, among the hills or by the

sea-shore, the field-flowers, the mosses, the autumn leaves, the birds, and the shells were her companions and teachers, and left their pleasant memories to abide with her in her months of illness and attune her mind to His praise who had made a world so full of beautiful things. The religious element was the underlying principle of her character, but it did not cloud or fetter her natural temperament; it turned all her thoughts into the right channel, giving her a sure resting-place, and connecting this life very closely with the unseen world. She did not often speak to her young friends upon the subject of religion, and yet the influence she exerted and the spirit she manifested alike told that this was the one great interest in her thoughts. This influence was especially strong the last year of her life, and some of her companions once, after one of their pleasant visits, happily expressed it in the remark, "We love to come, for we always feel better for having been with her."

The coming of the fall days confined her to the house again, and to her friends it was evident that her disease was silently but surely progressing. In October she walked a few

steps out doors and after that did not again leave the house. But she could be with the family and have her friends about her, while her happy and joyous spirit continued to rise above disease and throw its genial influence all around her. About two months before her death she was talking with her mother about the nearness of the unseen world to this ; to her it appeared like going but a little way, for the other life seemed but a part of this—the perfect part—and in a very little while we all should be together again. She also spoke of the one verse on which she lived, day by day : “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” This life is not something belonging solely to the future ; it is a present possession, secured to the believer now. Sabbath mornings, in the closing months, she greatly enjoyed listening to the reading of “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and her father had finished the volume except one reading. Together they had followed the pilgrims almost to the crossing of the river ; but the day before the reading would have been finished, she herself had crossed the river and joined the shining host on the other side.

She suffered more from her cough in these last days, but was mercifully preserved from acute suffering, not only then, but through all her sickness. It was surprising to her that any of her friends should ever speak any words of commiseration or pity in reference to her illness or confinement to the house, and consequent deprivation of her accustomed outdoor enjoyments and privileges. As she talked with her schoolmates and entered heartily into all their plans of vacation-life, no shadow of complaint or regret marred her pleasure in their joy, or lessened her sympathy in all that interested them. The spirit that is breathed in her poems was the pervading spirit of her daily and hourly life in those months of weakness, and she never tired of expressing her grateful love to Him who had bestowed upon her blessings so rich and abundant.

About a week before her death she failed so perceptibly that it was evident to her friends that the end was not distant. But she did not miss joining the family at meal time except on one occasion, and every day she welcomed her friends with her accustomed cheerfulness. Friday, the day before she died, she spent the

usual time down-stairs, and in the afternoon greatly enjoyed a visit from one of her teachers and several of her schoolmates, and remained down to tea. She seemed a little more tired than usual on retiring, and was restless through the night, suffering at times from the pressure upon her lungs. In these times of suffering she wished her forehead to be smoothed or her hands to be held closely, and once when her mother held them she said "hold them tight," and resting a moment, she said to her mother, "How good that is; it seems just as though they were in God's hands."

In the morning she asked if she was very sick, and being told that she was, wished to know if she should live through the day. A doubt being expressed, she wished to see her physician; and inquiring of him how long he thought she might live, he said that it was not at all probable that she would live beyond the middle of the afternoon, and he added, "I suppose, Millie, you are anxious to go." "Not anxious, doctor, but willing," she answered. One of the family speaking of the bright,

sunny morning out doors. she said, "It is pleasant in here."

Very soon after the physician's departure she began to fail rapidly; about an hour before her death she said to her father, "Is this dying?" and being told that it was, she added, "Will it be any harder than this?" She mentioned some loved friends by name and left little gifts for them, and spoke loving words to those about her. In a clear, strong voice she repeated her favorite Scripture, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." She rested quietly, occasionally looking up with a questioning gaze,—not anxious, but wondering,—a pleasant smile sometimes coming to her countenance. Once, to her mother, asking her, "Do you have pleasant thoughts?" she said, "Yes;" and to the further question, "Can you give them to us?" she gently replied, "Not now." She composed herself as if for rest, and with the pleasant, peaceful look that ever came to her countenance in slumber, she slept to earth, to awake in paradise. Blessed sleep! Blessed awaking!

Pure in heart, child-like in spirit, and earnestly desiring to honor her Master, she her-

self was honored by him in being permitted to do much for his cause. To her, in previous months, had come letters and messages from strangers, expressive of the comfort in affliction, support under trial, and encouragement to faith and hope that had come to them through her hymns; and after her departure, there came to her parents other letters from strangers, bearing words of sympathy, and sorrow for the death of one whom they had learned to love for the pure spirit in, and the precious influence coming from, her writings. With such a letter, to the editor of the *Zion's Advocate*, was sent the following tribute to her memory, by Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, of Augusta, Me., who knew her only through her poems published in that paper :

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF
MILLIE COLCORD.

Sang the voice for which we listened,
Week by week, its notes of praise,
Soft and low, then glad uprising,
Earnest of the coming days.
For her soul, its pinions pluming
Toward the day of its release,
Looked within the veil, discerning,
Just beyond, its home of peace.

In our hearts her words descending
Chased away our doubts and fear,
Bade us cease our sad repinings,
And behold our Helper near ;
Bade us trust in sweet assurance,
Every day, a Father's care,
Knowing that no morrow bringeth
More than he will help us bear.

Singing, too, the young believer,
Of the "little while" to come,
When, within the many mansions,
Weary, tired ones find their home.
Hardly ceases yet the echo,
But the "little while" is past,
Kept for her the Master's promise, .
"Face to face," she stands at last.

Short her life, but, calmly list'ning,
She the call at noonday heard ;
Spoke of peace and sweet contentment
While her pulses feebly stirred.
Gently loosing all her fetters,
Came the Friend who loved her best,
Telling us that so he giveth
To his own beloved rest.

Hark ! the captive soul untrammelled,
Richer, nobler anthem sings,
Praise to him, its costly ransom,
Glory to the King of kings.
Saviour, grant to those who sorrow,
Priceless boon, thy mighty love,
Grace to guide us through earth's shadows
To the world of light above.

A correspondent of the *Christian Mirror*, Mrs. Sophie H. Ellis, of Bangor, Me., also a stranger to her, wrote the following for that journal :

MILLIE COLCORD.

Broken the alabaster vase,
And hidden from our mortal eyes,
To us remains the ointment poured
Whose precious perfume never dies ;
But like some fragrant incense rare,
Uprising to the great white throne,
So strong and pure, so sweet and fair,
The breathings of her soul had grown.

I've listened for her harp's glad ring
As if for me its chords were swept,
Nor would I miss the quivering string
That told the singer, too, had wept ;
Sometimes a trembling sweetness thrilled
A moment, from some hidden pain,
And then, in accents brave and strong,
The song of praise poured forth again.

And often, to my weary heart,
Like some pure unction from above,
Appeared the words of her strong faith,
Her clinging trust, her fervent love ;
Uplifting from life's daily care,
Where struggling scarce the tide I stem,
Her gentle hand would lead me where
She "touched the Master's garment hem."

For "his name's sake" she gladly gave
Her mind's rich treasures for our need ;
Close clinging to the Father's hand,
Content whate'er his love decreed ;
How soon her sweet evangel's o'er,
Her young life's burdens all laid down,
Her feet have touched the shining shore
Where wait the golden harp and crown.

She died on Saturday, and her Sabbath was passed in that "sweet summer-land" whither her heavenly Father had led her. Beautiful in death, her form rested peacefully amid the flowers that loving friends had strown about it ; but the voice that was silent on earth had joined in the glad songs of the "better land," and she too had "seen her King."

We close this brief sketch with some extracts from an article in the *Zion's Advocate* of March 20, 1878, written by Rev. H. S. Burrage, editor of that journal :

"Little did we think last week, when we placed in the printer's hands the poem on Faith, which will be found on our first page, that the writer would have passed away before her beautiful reproduction of the Scripture narrative could be laid before our readers. Millie Colcord, the dearly beloved daughter of the former editor of the *Advocate*, died at her father's resi-

dence in this city, Saturday forenoon, at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, aged eighteen years and seven months, and was buried on Monday. She had been ill a long time, and for a long time had known that recovery was not to be expected ; and when suddenly, Saturday morning, the summons came, she felt that her hands were in God's hands, as she expressed it, and entered into rest as sweetly as a little child falls asleep at the close of the day. Truly ' of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"She was a delicate child, of a nature so timid that, like the woman whose faith she recounts in her poem this week, she would never have thought of attracting the Master's attention. It was enough for her if only she might touch the hem of his garment, and so be made whole. And thus it was in all her intercourse with her associates. Self was lost to sight, and she thought only of others.

"She always wrote, as she herself has said, for the Lord's sake. The talent he had given her she desired to use for his glory. One of her poems, 'For thy Name's sake,' expresses very beautifully, yet simply, this thought of her heart.

"She will be greatly missed, not only at home, but by a wide circle of friends. 'None knew her but to love her,' and she has carried with her to her home on high a treasure of affection like that which she herself loved so well to bestow. She was a member of the First Baptist Church, having been baptized by Dr.

Shailer in May, 1874. Many will recall that interesting service, and the sweet face of the child in white as she entered and came forth from the baptismal waters. That profession of faith she ever honored. May there be many among her young friends who will at length wear with her the crown of life ! ”

Devotional.



"FOR THY NAME'S SAKE."

ON lightest wings there came a thought to me
From far away,
And whether it were mine to give or keep,
I dared not say.

But when I took it up within my hand,
And held it so,
There came one more to bear it company,
And would not go.

A little while I held them in my hands
With doubt and care.
When at my feet I found a little book,
All new and fair.

Within its leaves I laid my two glad thoughts,—
Lo, from that day,
Unto my waiting hands new thoughts have flown,
From far away.

And as I lay them all within the leaves
 So pure and fair,
 And reach my hands for others in their flight,
 I breathe one prayer,—

That when the little book is borne to Him
 Who thoughts can make,
 This, and this only, shall his eyes first see,—
 “For thy name’s sake.”



MY WORK.

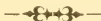
HE crowned my life with blessings full and
 sweet,
 In his great love he pardoned all my sin ;
 Then to his fold he led my wandering feet,
 And bade me know the peace and joy within :
 “Dear Lord,” I cried, “I’ll gladly work for
 thee ;”
 His loving voice said only, “Follow me.”

He led me to his pastures green and fair,
 Beside still waters oft he bade me stay ;
 But I, with heart all full of anxious care,
 Murmured because he made so smooth the
 way,
 Saying, “I have no work to do for thee,”—
 “Child, this is work,” he said, “to follow me.”

Yet still I murmured, "Lord, the way is fair,
 And it is very sweet to walk with thee ;
 But shall thy servant have no cross to bear ?
 No battle to be fought and won for thee ?"
 And in his love,—the half I could not see,—
 My Saviour gave this answer unto me,—

"Are there no little crosses for each day ?
 No inward battles to be fought with sin ?
 Nothing to do to smooth another's way ?
 To help a soul the crown of life to win ?
 Hast thou remembered my great love for thee,
 And dost thou live each day, each hour, for
 me ?"

Then seeing all my need and sin and pride,
 I knelt again before my Saviour's feet,
 Praying for strength to follow by his side,
 Praying for help temptation's power to meet ;
 And now, each day, let my petition be,—
 Teach me, dear Lord, to follow after thee.



MY STRENGTH.

I SAT in the deepening twilight
 With faith that was weak and dim ;
 The dear Lord stood beside me,
 But I had no thought of him.

My spirit was weary of sinning ;
But my blind faith could not see
The love of the pitying Saviour,
E'en then so near to me.

And looking upon all the failures,
The wrong and sin of the day,
The many times I had left my Lord
For the broad and sinful way,—

“How can I be called his disciple.
His child?” I wearily cried ;
And unto my sorrow and weakness
My Saviour gently replied :

“Child, is it thy strength that shall conquer
This daily temptation and sin ?
Thy righteousness that shall help thee
Life's victories to win ?

“Trust not in thyself ; but when weary,
And longing from sin to be free,
Look upward for help through the trial ;
‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’”

Then I turned away in the twilight,
With faith growing strong and clear ;
I had not known through the weary day
That the Lord had been so near.

And now when my spirit is weary,
 And my way I cannot see,
 I think of the loving, helpful words
 That the dear Lord said to me,—

Till, with faith that no longer is troubled,
 His face I can almost see,
 While I know, though my strength is weakness,
 His grace is sufficient for me.



ANOTHER YEAR.

Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul? and why art
 thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.—Ps.
 xlii : 11.

ANOTHER year:
 The last lies dead behind thee,
 The future from thy sight is hidden still;
 But He who walks beside thee knows the end-
 ing,—
 Be patient, then, my soul, to do his will.

Another year:
 To tread life's path, not knowing
 Where it shall lead thee, e'en from day to day;
 But know, my soul, thy Father is beside thee,
 To guide thee heavenward in his own best way.

Another year:
 To gather sheaves for heaven,
 From out the harvest fields so full and white;

To find some loving work to do for Jesus,
To lead some soul from darkness into light.

Another year :
Art weary of thy toiling ?
Art longing to behold thy Saviour's face ?
O faint not yet ! behold, He stands beside thee
In all the fullness of his loving grace.

Another year :
He never will forsake thee,
Though clouds and darkness gather round
thy way ;
Be strong, for though temptation's power assail
thee,
His grace shall be sufficient day by day.

Another year :
O doubt, my soul, no longer,—
Go forward, trusting in thy Saviour's grace,
So walking, that each day shall find thee nearer
That " Better Land," where thou shalt see
his face.



MY WAY.

THEY told me of a way
That I must go,—
Whether 'twas long or short
They did not know.

I did not listen then,
Nor understand
Until my Father came
And took my hand.

"I am thy guide," he said ;
"Leave all with me ;"
And so I went with him
All trustingly.

And now we journey on,
Day after day ;
I have no need of care,
He knows the way.

My sandals are his strength ;
And his great love
The staff that helps me toward
The home above.

He holds my hand in his,—
How can I fear ?
It is not hard to trust
While he is near.

I do not know how long
The way will be ;
I only know it is
The best for me.

And when no longer here
He bids me roam,
I shall behold with joy
My Father's home.

ON THE SHORE.

THE day is done ; beyond the distant mountains

The sunset light dies slowly in the sky,—
Only the pine trees break the deep night silence,
And whisper softly as the wind goes by.

No human voice breaks on the solemn stillness ;
Yet long I linger on the sanded beach,
Watching the deep, dark ocean rolling onward
To lands which thought alone, not sight, can
reach.

I have no fear of the blue waves before me,
That strive to touch and clasp me as I stand ;
Do I not know that he whose care is o'er me
Holdeth the waters in his mighty hand ?

But to my spirit comes a calm, deep rapture,
The while I watch this wide, unresting sea,—
'The sense of something pure and full and
changeless,
Of something unfulfilled and yet to be.

I think, perhaps, that when my feet turn slowly
Forth from the mortal ways of sin and strife,—
When I shall leave behind earth's pain and
pleasure,
'To stand and wait upon the shore of life,—

'That I shall stand with this same nameless
rapture,
And wait his bidding from the land above,—
Content, until he come, to gaze in silence
Out o'er the boundless ocean of his love.



MY BIRDS.

I LEAN from the window at morning,
And hear in the street
The chirp of the tiny brown sparrows,
So cheery and sweet.

Around me the swallows come circling
On lightest of wings,
While high on the bough of the elm-tree
A glad robin sings.

My birds ! they flit gaily about me,
They twitter and call ;
But the message they bring in the morning
Is sweetest of all.

For the sparrows chirp gaily,—“ Be cheerful,
Whatever befall ; ”
“ Be strong,” sing the swallows above me,
“ God careth for all.”

“Be trustful.” Oh robin, low singing,
Your message is best :
“Each day brings its work and its blessing,—
Trust God for the rest.”

My bright little songsters, I hear you
With heart glad and free ;
For I know that the Father in heaven,
Who sent you to me,

Not only will strengthen and cheer me
Each hour of the day,
But will, in his own loving kindness,
Be with me away.



WAITING.

WHERE the white cliffs throw their slant-
ing shadows
And the waves roll in with dash and roar,
Still and patient, in the sunset glory,
Sits an old man on the rocky shore.

At his feet the children cluster gaily,
Looking outward, far across the bay,—
Tell of wondrous ships upon the ocean,
Ships that they shall proudly own some day.

“Tell us,” cry the children’s eager voices,
“Tell us, have you any ships at sea ?
Will they bring you some day, sailing homeward,
Gems and riches, always yours to be ?”

Then the old man answers very softly,
"There is one for which I daily wait ;
Though the rest have foundered with their fortunes,
This one ship will come, however late.

"She will bring to me no earthly treasure,
Nothing that shall make me richer here ;
But will take me to a fairer country,
And each night I pray she may be near."

He is silent,—eager wait the children,
Looking upward, with a grave surprise,
Till the old man's eyes, grown dim with watching,
Turn once more toward the sunset skies.

People passing homeward from their labor,
Pause upon the shore and pity him ;
"Ah ! they do not know," the children whisper,
"He is waiting till his ship comes in."



LIFE'S WEAVING.

I STOOD in gladness,—for life's highest joy
Had found within my heart its resting
place ;
I do not think I saw or felt save this,
That I was standing in the King's own grace ;
So near he was to me,
It seemed that I could see
The love and light and glory of his face.

When as I waited, lo ! the King bent down,
And in his hand I looked with great amaze ;
For there were patterns, more than I could count,
Lying together in confusing maze,—
For some flashed sparkling bright,
And some were fair and white,
While some lay dark and somber 'neath my
gaze.

He bade me take one then, and so I looked,
And chose one from his hand with greatest
care ;
I could not see the whole, but that one glimpse
Showed me it was surpassing rich and rare ;
And then I heard him say,
“Take this, my child, away,
And weave for me one that shall be as fair.”

And so I went away to work for him ;
Ah ! then the days sped gladly by for me,—
Before my eyes the pattern flashed and glowed,
And 'neath its light I labored patiently,—
“He will be glad,” I cried,
The while I toiled in pride,
“To see how like his own my work shall be.”

A little while I labored gladly on,
And then, one day, I held my work no more ;
For where the pattern of my choice had been
Lay nothing there my saddened eyes before ;
I could not understand
'Twas at the King's command,
And so I turned away and murmured sore.

But while I waited, grieving sadly then,
Once more to me the King stood very near,—
Once more I felt his tender, loving gaze,
And knew the voice that whispered in my ear,
 “ My child, ’twas for thy sake ; ”
 No answer could I make,
But all at once the way grew strangely clear.

He has not given me my work again,
And yet my heart is growing glad and free,
Although he only lets me labor now
On something with a form I cannot see ;
 But why he holds it so
 I do not care to know,
Since I am sure it is the best for me.

And though sometimes I wonder, questioning
Whether my pattern now is large or small,
Or whether it will show forth dark or bright,
When for my finished work the King shall
 call,—
 I am content at last,
 With doubt and fear all past,
To weave in gladness, since he knoweth all.



THE FLITTING OF THE LEAVES.

SOMETHING I know ;
Down where the forest-trees whisper
Softly and low,
Robed in the autumn’s brief glory,

Told they the wonderful story,
New every year,
Told it in soft thrilling whispers
Into my ear.

When in the night
Blows the north-wind through the forest,
Strong in his might,
Wake all the leaves from their slumber;
Ah! who can tell the vast number
Quivering there,
Loved by the trees of the forest,
Kept in their care.

Then some fair morn,
After the wind and the waking,
Just at the dawn,
Wait the leaves, robed in their glory;
Then comes the wonderful story,
Never grown old,
Then wait the leaves for their flitting,
Scarlet and gold.

Standeth no more
Green in its splendor, the forest,
Summer is o'er;
Yet the leaves tell not of sadness,
Full is the story of gladness
Whispered to me;
Regal and fair in the sunlight
Waiteth each tree.

When, lo ! a breeze,
Bearing a word from the north-land,
 Stirreth the trees ;
Quickly the leaves lift their faces,
Quiver and start from their places,
 Flying away,
Touched by the autumn's glad sunlight,
 Eager and gay.

Sad, do you say,
Leaving the trees and the summer,
 Flying away ?
Then for us endeth the story ;
God knows the life and the glory
 Some day to be,
And why the leaves have their flitting
 We, too, shall see.



"ALONE WITH JESUS."

ALONE with Jesus ;" fades the daylight
 slowly,
Soft o'er the earth the shades of evening fall,
As worn and weary with the day's temptation
My spirit answers to the Saviour's call.

"Alone with Jesus ;" from the day's hard conflict
What have I brought that I his grace may win?
Only the burden of my sin and longing,—
Only the same heart-cry, "Forgive my sin."

"Alone with Jesus ;" he hath seen each wan-
dering,
Hath watched each failure, from his throne
above ;
And yet, to-night, he bids me come, confiding
In the great wealth of his unchanging love.

"Alone with Jesus ;" oh the hush, the rapture !
My spirit yieldeth to his gracious will,—
What though the day's sad failure lies behind
me ?
I am content because he loves me still.

"Alone with Jesus ;" in his presence holy
Cometh no thought of sin or pain to me ;
Close, close, his loving arms are thrown around
me,
Almost the glory of his face I see.

"Alone with Jesus ;" here can come no sorrow,
From sin and conflict here my soul is free ;
This be my prayer, to-night, "Oh Jesus, Saviour,
Teach me through life to dwell alone with
thee."

ROOM FOR ALL.

WEARY soul,
'Neath your burden, fainting, falling,
Hear you not the King's voice, calling
 Low and sweet?
Come! the multitudes are thronging,
In their want and sin and longing,
 To his feet;
Come and find within his presence
 Rest complete.

Longing soul,
Standing very near his dwelling,
Surely, you have heard them telling
 Just within,
Of the freedom from all sadness,
Of the victory gained in gladness
 Over sin,—
Then why linger, when he bids you
 Enter in?

Doubting soul,
What! you also standing weary,
And the night so cold and dreary
 As you wait?
Come! oh, see the radiance stealing,
Love and light and warmth revealing,
 Through the gate,—
Enter, ere the King in sadness
 Calls, "Too late!"

Dying soul,
Dark and chill the night falls o'er you,
Seemeth there no light before you,—
Yet I bring
Not to you the message telling
Of the fair and beauteous dwelling
Of the King ;
For he bids me whisper only
'This one thing,—

Long ago,
Sin and shame and sadness bearing,
Crown of thorns in meekness wearing
On the tree,
Gave my King his life of glory,
Not for fame in titled story,
But for thee ;
Dying soul, to-night he calleth,
“ Come to me ! ”

Then, all come !
Weary, longing, doubting, dying,—
To you all his voice is crying
This one thing :
Great his love, and without measure.
Yet that love no earthly treasure
E'er may win ;
Come and take it, freely, freely,
From the King.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Sung at the 70th Anniversary of the Baptist Church in
Freeport, Me., Nov. 25, 1877.

TUNE—"St. Thomas."

HERE in thy house, oh God,
We raise our song to thee ;
We give thee thanks for mercies past,
For blessings full and free.

Now hath thy church been formed
For three-score years and ten ;
And we, to-day, sing forth thy praise,
As sung thy people then.

We bring our witness strong
To thy great love, long tried,
To thy rich grace, that waits alway,
Thy people's feet to guide.

We give thee thanks for life,
We praise thy name to-day
That, through Christ's death, and by his blood,
Our sins are washed away.

And while we praise thy name,
We raise to thee one prayer,—
Through years to come, in thy rich grace,
Oh give this church thy care.

Teach it thy love to know,
In measure large and free ;
Oh lead each soul its ranks within
Homeward at last to thee.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I HEAR, with a heart of gladness,
The bells ring out their chime,
And I think of a strange, sweet story
I read in Christmas time,—

Of a little child, who wandered
From haunts of shame and sin
To the arching door of a chapel,
And softly entered in.

None noticed the small, sad figure,
Crouched by the chapel door,
With her wan face telling in sorrow
The story of the poor.

Tenderly read the preacher,
By unseen guidance led,
“Suffer the little children to come,
Forbid them not,” he said.

Unto the listening people
His voice read softly on,—
Up rose the child by the chapel door,
Her fear and sadness gone.

Soon closed was the Christmas service,
The Christmas carol sung,
The people turned from the chapel door,
Save one the throng among.

She turned, with a face of pity,
And sought the lonely child ;
“Why do you wait here ?” she gently asked,—
The little stranger smiled.

“He read, ‘Forbid the children not,’
And so I stayed,” she said ;
And unto the voice of childlike faith
The lady bowed her head.

“It is the dear Lord’s word to me,”
She said, and from the child
Drew forth her story of homeless want,
Of life by sin defiled.

She heard the sad life-history,
As from his lips above ;
And I read, that for his name’s sake
She claimed the child in love.

And the strange, sweet Christmas story
I tell to-night again,
With the prayer that it may bring one thought
Of peace, good-will to men.



A CALL TO PRAYER.

[Written to be read at the Annual Meeting of the Young Woman's Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church, Portland, Me., Feb. 13, 1878.]

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.

I HAVE listened, oh ye children of the kingdom,
By the blood of Christ made free,
I have listened oft, to hear our dear Lord's
teaching
Of this new, sweet liberty ;
But to-day I hear his voice, in tender pleading,
Coming down to you and me.

Have you also heard the voice of Christ, our
Saviour,
As it comes to me to-day ?
It is telling of the nations clothed in darkness,
Who know not the living way ;
For the people crying out for souls' salvation
It is bidding us to pray.

There are nations bowing low in adoration
Unto gods of wood and stone ;
They have heard not of the cross where one
died bleeding,
In his agony alone ;
They are sitting very lonely in their darkness,
And the day-dawn hath not shone.

Yet, with faces turning eastward, they are
watching

Till the day-dawn shall appear ;
For the glimmer of a star shines through the
darkness,

And the light draws slowly near ;
Ah ! they know not of the light that, one day
beaming,
Shall dispel all doubt and fear.

Do you know that this same voice of Christ
our Saviour,
That calls down to us to-day,
That is filled with all the love that paid our
ransom,
As it bids us rise and pray,
Sends the starlight that is shining through the
darkness
Of those nations far away ?

For some souls, in willing answer to Christ's
calling,
Unto lands far, far from sight,
Have gone out, the Saviour's presence always
with them,
To dispel the gloom of night,—
And, to-day, the people watch the darkness
turning
Very slowly into light.

So I ask you, oh ye children of the kingdom,
Who have known Christ's love and care,
Let us not forget his voice of tender pleading,

Let us lift our hearts in prayer,
 That the dawn may quickly come, and that all
 nations
 Christ's own righteousness may wear.



GUIDED.

THOU bidst me tread the way
 That leadeth after thee,
 The things which lie beyond
 Thy wisdom hides from me ;
 I know 'tis right, dear Lord, and yet to-day,
 If thou wouldst lift the clouds a little way,—

 If thou wouldst show to me
 One thing which lies before,
 One turn the pathway makes,
 I would not ask for more ;
 So thickly falls the mist, I tread the way.
 Not knowing where it leads from day to day.

 But if thou canst not show
 The pathway unto me,
 Oh by thy guiding hand
 Lead me so near to thee,
 'That I shall ask no more the way to know,
 Content to follow, Lord, where thou dost go.

I wait, for lo, he speaks
 In tenderness to me,—
 “My child, fear not, nor doubt,
 My hand is guiding thee.”
 Oh word of love divine ! I turn to him,
 My faith no longer weak, no longer dim.

I feel his guiding hand,
 I know his loving voice
 That, tenderly and low,
 Hath bade my heart rejoice.
 I ask not now for light the way to see,
 I am content to know he leadeth me.

I dread, no more, the ills
 That lie my pathway near,
 The dear Lord guideth me,
 With him I cannot fear ;
 And tho’ the mist still falls around my way,
 I know ’twill end, at last, in perfect day.



MY PICTURES.

I HAVE a picture, a small child-face,
 Close by my side I have made its place,
 Because I hold it dear ;
 I think if you saw my picture fair,
 With its eyes of brown and flossy hair,
 And lips with never a thought of care,
 You too would want it near.

I have a picture,—and when the day
Sometimes for me grows a little gray,
 I seek the child-face nigh ;
For no tears come to the soft brown eyes,
The lips smile on in their glad surprise,
If the day bring clear or cloudy skies,
 And if I smile or sigh.

I have a picture,—and in my heart
Many another now lies apart,
 Framed in before my sight ;
No heart but mine can these pictures see,
But I watch them smile on joyously,
Till watching, my heart grows glad and free,
 Because of their faces bright.

For my picture unto me hath taught,
That if I can keep each glad life-thought
 That comes my soul to cheer,
As pictures fair they shall smile at me,
Though my lifetime bright or cloudy be,—
Just as the child-face cheerily
 Smiles on beside me here.

And so my picture, the sweet child-face,
Stands by my side, where I've made its place,
 Because I hold it dear ;
The other pictures that light my way
Are the bright, glad thoughts I frame each day,
Chasing the dark ones quite away,
 Making the sky grow clear.

Do you deem these pictures in my heart,
That memory's hand hath laid apart,
Are visions dim, untrue?
Then, when your sky grows a little gray,
Turn to the thought of some happy day,
And the picture fair shall light your way,
As mine my pictures do.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

DO you hear the bells chime o'er the snow,
In the hush of the dawning,
While the east flashes red in the glow
Of the fair Christmas morning?
Oh, hush! while you hear their clear ringing,
"Peace, Peace," is the word they are bringing,
Good-will unto men.
Oh, hush! in your hearts let the echo
Find answer again.

Do you know how those clear ringing bells
Wake the people in gladness?
How each note, as it rises and swells,
Bids our hearts turn from sadness?
Oh, list to their wonderful story!
'Tis filled with the light and the glory
Of Bethlehem's star;
Down, down thro' the years that have ended,
It sounds from afar.

Long ago, 'neath the stars' shining light,
When the earth lay all sleeping,
Waited shepherds, a watch in the night
O'er their flocks safely keeping,
When lo! in the heavens before them
Came angels with great glory o'er them ;
" Fear not," was their cry,
" Behold, we have brought you glad tidings,
Good news from on high ! "

Need I tell you that story again ?
Oh, most wonderful story !
In its song of good-will unto men,
In its light and its glory.
You know how the angels, with singing,
The wonderful tidings came bringing
That Jesus was born ;
You know how the shepherds hailed gladly
That first Christmas morn.

And to-day let the news of that morn
Thrill the earth with its gladness,
On this day that our Saviour was born
Let all hearts turn from sadness.
Oh, sweetest, oh, brightest, best morning !
Ring, bells, for the fair Christmas dawning
That maketh earth glad,
Ring, bells, till the world leaves its sorrow,
And no one is sad.

TRUST.

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.
—Isa. xxx : 15.

BE quiet, soul :
Why shouldst thou care and sadness borrow,
Why sit in nameless fear and sorrow
The livelong day ?
God will mark out thy path to-morrow
In his best way.

Be quiet, soul :
There is no need of doubt and crying,
There is no need for anxious sighing,
God's love to know ;
Dost thou remember not his dying,
Who loved thee so ?

Be trustful, soul :
Each day, for thee, thy Father careth,
Each day, in sweet compassion shareth
Thine every ill ;
Even thy sin for thee he beareth,
And loves thee still.

Be trustful, soul :
When some dark cloud shuts out before thee
Light that hath hitherto shone o'er thee,
Doubt not, nor fear ;
But know God does it to assure thee
That he is near.

Be trustful, soul :
Remember God forgets thee never ;
He who in grace stands waiting ever
Thy way to guide,
Shall surely hold thee, soul, forever
Close to his side.



*"A LITTLE WHILE, AND YE SHALL
SEE ME."*

A LITTLE while," oh, words of tender
meaning,
That fill our souls with longings and with joy,
That bid our thoughts rise upward, very gladly,
To that bright land where bliss has no alloy.

"A little while," and then, in that fair country,
All of our tears God's hand shall wipe away ;
All pain and sin, all earthly woe shall vanish,
When we behold, with joy, the perfect day.

And is this all ? that we no more shall sorrow,
That we shall find no sin within the place ?
Ah, no ! the promise thrills with new, sweet
meaning,—
"A little while," and we shall see his face.

"A little while," and we shall see his glory,
Who, for our ransom, shed his precious blood
'That all our sins, though scarlet, might be
whitened,

E'en washed away beneath the crimson flood.

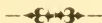
"A little while," and Christ shall lead us gently
Up to the many mansions of the blest,
And all the hungry shall be fed with manna,
And all the weary shall he give sweet rest.

For in that land he giveth joy for sorrow,
He giveth peace to those by earth long tried ;
And each soul findeth there its chief desire,—
For in Christ's likeness all are satisfied.

"A little while," oh true, sweet words of comfort !

Fill thou our souls with Christ's own living
grace,
That we may wait with gladness, always knowing,

"A little while," and we shall see his face.



A LESSON.

I BY the roadside walked with weary feet,
With breath of pine and fir the air was
sweet.

Somebody passed me by, in carriage fine,
I would not walk. I sighed, if that were mine.

Homeward I turned my steps, as eve drew nigh,
Somebody's carriage, too, rolled swiftly by.

They had a load of leaves, all red and gold,
They knew but rest and joy, as on they rolled.

I had but two wee cups of moss, red-turned,
I had a lesson, too, that I had learned,—

That it is good to walk with weary feet,
To find but one small thing that makes earth
sweet ;

And finding it, to read its one pure thought,
That tells of him by whom we all are taught.

So, though the world deems wealth of joys the
best,

I, by the roadside, found that they are blest,

Who find the joy of life to all things lent,
And, knowing this one thing, go on content.



THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

HAVE you heard it, the wonderful song
Of the shell which I hold in my hand?
Has it come to your ear, sweet and strong,
In the thought you could ne'er understand?

Oh that sweet-sounding song ! well, I know ;
For it tells in its music to me
Of the voice of the waves, soft and low,
And the roll of the murmuring sea.

Not of wreck and disaster and woe,
Not of treasure far down in the sea,
Is the song I would fain have you know ;
For it telleth but this unto me,—
Of the soft rush of waves o'er a beach
Laid all shining and white in the sun,
Of a glimmer of sails far from reach,
And a red west when daylight is done.

I have thought, as I've listened to hear
What its music might say unto me,
That the song, sounding on in my ear
Like the sound of a murmuring sea,
Is the echo, clear-ringing and sweet,
Of a life that is past in the shell,
Which, when cast on the shore at our feet,
Of that life in its music would tell.

And the thought has breathed, softly and low,
Its one lesson of truth unto me,—
That, as shells, we are tossed to and fro
On the tide of time's murmuring sea.
Oh, the wonder has thrilled me to-day,
If, when borne to eternity's land,
When the tide of time rolleth away,
And we rest in our God's mighty hand,—

If the song of our lives will sound on,
 Sweet and strong, in his listening ear,—
 Telling not of bright hopes that are gone,
 Telling not of life's failure and fear,
 But of music so sweet in its rest,
 From all sorrow and sighing so free,
 That his wisdom shall deem it the best
 Of the wealth of time's far-reaching sea.

Then, oh hush ! till your spirit shall hear
 What the shell's song hath told unto me ;
 Till the voice of the waves, low and clear,
 And the sound of that murmuring sea,
 Bear your thought far away to the land
 Where they need not the light of the sun,
 Where the white sails lie safe off the strand,
 And the tide and the tempest are done.



FAITH.

FORTH, on his work of love, the Saviour
 walked,
 Around his path the people pressed and
 thronged,
 Eager, yet doubting, came they to his side.
 That he might grant the gifts for which they
 longed.

When, lo, a woman, weary, weak, and ill,
 Pressed by the people, caring not for them,—
No cry nor pleading made her presence known,
 But, bending low, she touched his garment's
 hem.

“Who touched me?” and the Saviour turned
 his head
 Only to hear the wondering people say,
“Lo, to thy side the multitude hath thronged,
 And sayest thou, ‘Who touched me in the
 way?’”

He did not answer them ; his gracious eye
 Saw but the woman, who, with joy complete,
Came trembling, as she felt her health restored,
 And told her story, kneeling at his feet.

“Thy faith hath made thee whole.” Oh, bless-
 ed words !
 Forth in her strength the woman went that
 hour ;
Little she knew the joy it gave her Lord
 To find that one on earth had owned his
 power.

I know the story has been read and told
 Until it is not strange to you or me,
And yet the wonder comes to me, to-day,
 If in our hearts the woman's faith can be.

I know that long ago they saw his face,
I know that by his words he spake to them,
I also know that he is standing now
Where our poor faith might touch his garment's hem ;

And yet we strive and plead with him for grace,
As if he stood from us removed, apart ;
He was no nearer to the woman then
Than he is now to every trusting heart.

Then let us come to him with her pure faith,
And, day by day, more fully test his grace ;
So shall he lead us, by his love divine, .
Unto the light and glory of his face.



HEART TREASURES.

TWO clinging arms are round your neck
to-night,
Two little feet are resting now from play,
And childish kisses, dropping soft and low,
Take all your care and weariness away.

'Tis but a little form you hold so dear,
Only a little wayward, laughing boy,
And yet I think if he were gone to-night
Almost for you the world would lose its joy.

It may be that you hold him closer now
Because of one sweet memory that you bear,
Because of little hands you may not clasp,
Of little feet for which you may not care.

You loved it so,—the little fair, sweet life
That for a while the Shepherd bade you hold,
What wonder that you sorely grieve to-night
Because the lamb is laid within the fold.

He loved it too ; just as your sheltering arms
Enfold the little child upon your knee,
So the Good Shepherd bears the little one above,
Keeping it from all pain and sorrow free.

Oh, thank him, then, to-night ! look up, believe !
See how he keeps your lamb from rude
alarms ;
Close, close, you hold one treasure on the earth,
God holds the other in his loving arms.



THE FERN.

A LITTLE green fern in the forest,
Life all new and the grass fresh spring-
ing,
Robin and blue-bird's clear notes ringing
Blithely and free ;
“ Spring's best for me,”
Said the little fern in the forest.

A slender green fern in the forest,
Lilies in cool, deep waters lying,
Soft winds hushing the pines' low sighing
Off into rest,—
"Summer is best,"
Said the slender fern in the forest.

A drooping white fern in the forest.
"Now she will die," the trees cried sadly;
"No," said the white fern very gladly,
"Now I shall rest;
God knows the best
For his little fern in the forest."

A drooping white fern from the forest
They brought me, just as leaves were falling,
They say 'tis dead; I hear it calling
Low in its rest,
"God knoweth best,"
My little white fern from the forest.

*A SONG FOR THE REAPERS.*

THEY have gone to the harvest, the fields
are all white,
And the laborers only are few;
Then, oh! why dost thou bid me, dear Master,
to stand
Where my hands find no labor to do?

'Tis a grand, holy work thou hast given to them,
And they toil in the light of thy face ;
But thou givest me also my task for the day,
Though 'tis only a song of thy grace.

Will they hear it? Thou knowest I sing at thy
will,
And perhaps thou art standing so near
That the reapers will know thou hast given the
song,
And will pause in their labor to hear.

Oh! then listen, ye weary and burdened in
heart,
'Tis to you that he bids me to sing ;
Come, lift your sad faces, look up from your toil,
While ye hear of the love of my King.

Do ye know of his patience, his wonderful grace,
And the love that he beareth for all?
Though your sins be as scarlet, they all may be
white
If, in faith, for forgiveness ye call.

Do ye know how he standeth in tenderness near?
How he holdeth you all in his care?
For he knows every sorrow deep hid in your
hearts,
And he longeth your burdens to bear.

Oh! then lift your sad faces, toil patiently on,
And each day its own blessing shall bring ;

All toiling is easy, all labor is sweet,
If ye do it for love of the King.

Do ye say that 'tis easy to stand at his side,
And to sing of his wonderful grace?
Do ye deem that your lives would grow blessed
indeed
If ye stood in the light of his face?

Well I know that his love and his grace are the
same,
Though his voice bid us labor or rest;
For he knoweth each need of the hearts he hath
made,
And in doing his will we are blest.

I have finished, dear Master, the reapers have
heard,
'Though I sang but in weakness for thee;
Oh! I pray, wilt thou teach them thy lessons of
grace,
As thou teachest them daily to me?



THE ROCK.

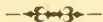
ONCE stood a rock within a quiet lake,
Idly the waters lay,
So still the summer day,
'That nought, it seemed, that calm could ever
break.

Peaceful the lake, its depths serene and pure,
 When, to its waters blue,
 Softly a white dove flew
 To quench her thirst and rest upon the shore.

When lo ! the sky grew dark, swift o'er the lake
 Came the wind's angry blast,
 High dashed the waves and fast
 Against the rock whose strength they could not
 break.

Up flew the dove, but ended soon her flight ;
 Safe in the sheltering rock,
 Far from the storm's rude shock,
 Folding her wings, she sat and knew not fright.

Christ is the rock, and thou, my soul, the dove ;
 Unto his shelter fly,
 In his great strength rely,
 Thou shalt be safe in his unchanging love.



AT EVENING.

WHEN the birds have hushed their music,
 And the day is almost o'er,
 Sits a woman, singing softly,
 Just within her cottage door ;
 Though her voice is low and trembling,
 Very sweet to me the song,—
 “And I hope, by his good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.”

Old the words, and she who sings them,
Sitting still and peaceful there,
Long hath trod earth's changing pathway,
Long hath known its pain and care ;
Yet the sweet voice shows no sadness,
Singing softly all alone,—
“And I hope, by his good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.”

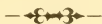
Only those few words she singeth,
And her voice is weak and low,
But I think no sweeter music
Can my spirit ever know ;
For the peaceful brow bespeaketh
Victory over worldly sin,
And the dim eyes, looking upward,
Tell of God's pure love within.

Long hath been her life of labor,
Hard the burden she hath borne,
She indeed, through earth's temptation,
Christ's own righteousness hath worn ;
Now at evening sings she softly
Those sweet words she long hath known,—
“And I hope, by his good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.”

So I love to watch her sitting,
With her brow so free from care,
And the sunlight shining golden
In her rings of snow-white hair ;

Love to hear her sweet voice quiver
 Softly in the dear old song,
 As she hopes, "by his good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home."

Soon, I know, that she is going
 Where they know not sin or care,
 And the while I sit and watch her
 To my spirit comes the prayer,
 "Father, when for me life closeth,
 Let me make her song my own ;
 Help me, too, 'by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.' "



GOD'S WILL.

WOULD you do God's will on earth?
 Would you know what souls are they
 Who have learned, all joyfully,
 Its great wisdom to obey?
 Then within his Holy Word
 Search in humble, earnest prayer,
 For in teaching, clear and true,
 Lies God's answer written there.

They whose hands, in loving thought,
 Do all work as unto him,—
 They who trust but in his grace,
 Praying lest their faith grow dim,—

They who follow gladly on
In the footsteps of their Lord,
Asking, praying, only this,
That their lives with his accord,—

They who, knowing Christ's great love,
Holding fast his mighty hand,
Walk, triumphant, cleansed, redeemed,
Onward to the better land,—
These are they in whom their Lord
Doth his blessed word fulfill,
Walking with their garments white,—
These are they who do his will.

Blessed will, and blessed souls
Who its precepts here obey,
Striving, whatsoe'er their work,
From its teachings ne'er to stray.
Father, teach us so to live,
In our hearts thy word fulfill;
This one prayer we raise to thee,
Teach us how to do thy will.



*“UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE
ALMIGHTY.”*

UNDER the shadow of his wings;
Oh sweetest rest!
Thou canst not find, my soul, an hiding-place

So safe as in thy Father's arms of grace ;
He calls them blest
Who find the joy his promise brings.

There is no other resting place,
My soul, so dear ;
The shadow of his wings is great and wide,
And yet so near it draws thee to his side,
So very near,
'Tis like a glimpse of his loved face.

Under the shadow of his wings ;
Oh who may stay ?
They who find rest within his secret place,
They who find joy but in his own rich grace,
And only they,
May know the joy the shadow brings.

For joy, not born of earthly things.
Fills all the place ;
Come near, my soul, come closer, closer still,
See ! thou art shielded now from every ill,—
Rest in God's grace,
Under the shadow of his wings.



A HYMN OF PRAISE.

A LITTLE hymn of gladness
I'd sing, dear Lord, for thee,
Without one note of sorrow,
From fear and trouble free.

Thou knowest, Lord, the service
Is small that I can make,
But thou wilt own the smallest,
If done for thy name's sake.

For thy right hand I thank thee,
So helpful and so strong,
That, toward the shining city,
Safe leads my soul along ;
That, though I oft have wandered,
And found my love grown cold,
Hath only clasped me closer,
And never lost its hold.

I thank thee for the gladness
That fills my heart to-day,
That shows thy loving kindness,
And lights up all my way ;
What wonder that my spirit
Can only sit and sing ?
The children of the kingdom
May surely praise their King.

But more than all I thank thee,
Oh dear, most loving Lord,
For sure and blest redemption,
The promise of thy word ;
I thank thee for the flowing
Of thine all-precious blood,
And that I stand forgiven
Beneath the cleansing flood.

I thank thee, oh I thank thee,
For thy great love to me ;
What can I give in payment ?
What can I bring to thee ?
Only my heart's great gladness,
That sings in praise to-day,
Because thy blood hath saved me,
And washed my sins away.

LAI^D ASIDE.

WE say them very oft, the two small words,
Thinking the while of some who, lying
still,
May only watch the reapers at their work,
May only wait to know their Father's will.

But by what right do we in judgment stand,
And, looking o'er the harvest-field so wide,
Say of those lives whose work we cannot know,
These hath the Father's wisdom laid aside ?

They may not toil, their waiting hands lie still,
And cannot glean the sheaves so white and
fair ;
But shall we say that they are laid aside,
When God's own hand hath surely placed
them there ?

Because their feet no longer come and go
Among the sheaves that ripen 'neath the sun,
Because their hands can neither sow nor glean,—
Is this the sign that work for them is done?

Ah, no ! God does not count them laid aside
Because his voice has bade them to be still,
For though they only wait with folded hands,
It is enough that so they do his will.

How shall we judge what task on earth is theirs ?
God does not measure by our human sight ;
The work we count as nothing, in his hand
May, some day, shine in radiance of light.

A life of waiting, lived as for the Lord,
Shall never, in his sight, be counted lost ;
Dost find it hard to wait ? remember this,
Our wills opposing God's will makes the cross.

God's plans are great and deep, his ways are
wide ;
We strive in vain his will to understand,
Till, looking upward through the mist of doubt,
We hear his loving voice and clasp his hand.

He holds us then ; no harm our souls need fear
If in life's field of toil he makes our place,
Or if he bid us lay aside our work
And wait, unquestioning, a little space.

The reason here we may not understand
Why he should bid some labor, others rest ;
But since his love and wisdom cannot fail,
We know his ways are right, his plans are best.

And though I dare not judge another's work,
This do I know,—in all God's kingdom wide,
Where'er their place, however small their task,
None of his children can be laid aside.

*LOOK UPWARD.*

CHILD of the living God,
Look up, believing !
Hast thou in darkness trod,
Wearily grieving ?
Unto the shining light,
Burning for thee and bright,
Look up, believing.

Child of the God of strength,
Hark to his calling !
He will, thy journey's length,
Keep thee from falling ;
Rest in his arms, nor fear,
Seeking his face so dear,
Hark to his calling.

Child of the God of grace,
Trusting, yet fearing,
Look to thy Father's face ;
Then his voice hearing,
Walk in his own great might
Up toward the city bright,
Trusting, not fearing.

Child of the God of love,
Toward Zion going,
Great are the joys above,
God's hand bestowing ;
Then lift your eyes to-day,
Joyfully tread the way,
Toward Zion going.

Child of the God of all,
Look up, believing !
With him thou shalt not fall,
His grace receiving ;
From earthly care and strife,
Unto eternal life,
Look up, believing.

*GOD'S CHOICE THE BEST.*

I HAVE a gift, a precious gift,
I scarce can understand
Why unto one like me it came
From out my Father's hand.

'Tis this,—that through God's loving grace
My soul was taught to see,
The place wherein he bids me stay
Is surely best for me.

I thought by some work of my own
His name to glorify ;
He led me by another way,
I have not questioned why.

His love so clearly shows to me
That all he does is best,
I ask him but for daily wants,
And trust him for the rest.

So many blessings from his hand
Come daily unto me,
Sometimes my only prayer is this,—
“ May I more thankful be.”

And when my soul is overcast,
When grows the light more dim,
The Lord hath taught my soul to lean
In quietness on him.

So I would never change the place
Wherein he bids me stay,
But thank him for the pastures green
That lie along my way.

Oh may I find more joy each day
In his communion sweet,
Leaving my troubles, every one,
At my Redeemer's feet.

So shall I live in gladness here,
And on my Lord rely,
Till he shall take me to my home,
God's paradise on high.

*LIVING FOR JESUS.*

LIVING for thee, oh my blessed Redeemer !
Let this one thought be the rule of my life ;
Weary of sin, I would seek but thy glory,
Flee to thine arms from temptation and strife.

Living for thee, when the sunlight falls o'er me,
Filling my soul with thy grace from above ;
Then may my heart tell to others its gladness,
Bringing some soul to rejoice in thy love.

Living for thee, when dark shadows surround me,
Still may thy service be first unto me ;
Still may I cling to thy hand that hath held me,
Seeking thy work, whatsoever it be.

Living for thee, when temptations assail me,
Hold me, I pray thee, close, close by thy hand ;
Hast thou not said, " I will never forsake thee ?"
Then, through thy grace, shall I conqueror
stand.

Living for thee, oh my loving Redeemer,
Thou who hast known all my weakness and
sin ;

Hear thou this prayer from thy lowest disciple,
Help me this day a new life to begin.

Teach thou my soul to rejoice in thy service,
Show thy rich grace in its fullness to me ;
Jesus, my Saviour, thou Lord of my ransom,
Teach me, I pray thee, to live but for thee.



AN INVITATION.

I HAVE found me a wide, shelt'ring rock,
In whose cleft I may always abide,
And so safe is my soul in this rest
That it asks for no shelter beside ;
I can see from the rock where I lie
That its shade reaches far o'er the land,
Yet so closely it folds me I know
'Tis the shadow of God's mighty hand.

I have found me a fountain of life,
To whose waters I freely may go ;
There is health for my soul in their source,
There is comfort and strength in their flow.
Long I stayed from this fountain apart,
Though they told me its waters were free,
But my soul quenched its thirst when I found
That the fountain was flowing for me.

I have found me a pardon for sin,
I am holding it close in my soul ;
Oh the joy that it brings me is great,
For I know that it maketh me whole.
'Tis a pardon so wondrously free
That the half I can ne'er understand,
But I know that 'twas sealed by my Lord,
And it came as the gift of his hand.

Would you come to this sheltering rock ?
Would you rest in the cleft that I know ?
Would you drink of the life-giving stream,
Whose pure waters unceasingly flow ?
Then why linger in doubting and fear ?
For the rock standeth close by your side,
It is Jesus who pleads with you now
In the shade of his love to abide.

It is Jesus, the fountain of life,
And he holdeth the water to thee ;
Oh why stay when you hear his loved voice
Calling tenderly, "Come unto me ?"
Have you sins that are holding you back ?
But his grace is sufficient for all ;
He is holding a pardon for you,
And it covers your sins, great and small.

Oh then hasten your steps to the Lord,
Think no more of your burden of guilt ;
Take the pardon, he offers it still,
And 'tis sealed by the blood he hath spilt.

He will give you sweet rest in his love,
He will lead you where pure waters flow,
And the sins that have crimsoned your soul,
Through his grace, shall be whiter than snow.



HEAVENWARD.

I HAVE heard them say, Lord Jesus,
That the time is drawing nigh
When I shall go in gladness
To my Father's house on high.

They have called it death, my Saviour,
And it may be that they think
Of a river, deep, far-flowing,
And my feet upon the brink.

But I know the death they speak of
Is a life with thee above,
And can I doubt or tremble
When I see but thy great love?

And thou tellest me, Lord Jesus,
As within thine arms I lie,
That the way is very easy
To the Father's house on high.

And I rest with thee, my Saviour,
As I lie here, weak and still,
For thy grace is all-sufficient,
And I yield to thy sweet will.

I believe thy blood hath saved me,
I believe thy word is sure ;
Life reaches on before me,
Bright and ending nevermore.

So I can but sing in gladness
This song on earth for thee ;
Oh, through thy grace, Lord Jesus,
May it teach one soul to see,—

That thy life on earth was given
Death's sting to take away
From souls that look, believing,
To thee, the living way.

OCTOBER, 1877.

*THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.*

JERUSALEM, sweet land of rest,
When we thy joys behold,
How shall we cry, in rapt amaze,
“The half has not been told !”

Fain would my thought to-day rise up,
And all thy glory know ;
Art thou so far, oh city blest,
From us on earth below ?

I read that through thy pearly gates,
Unto thy mansions fair,
Cometh no sorrow, grief, nor pain,
Nor thought of worldly care.

I read that flows a river there,
Close by the throne of God ;
Nothing but perfect joy they know
Who on its banks have trod.

There is a balm within thy gates
For every earthly woe,
There is a joy for every pain
That we have felt below.

And there is one who dwells in thee,
Jerusalem on high,
Who for our sins, on earth below,
Did not refuse to die.

He is thy light, oh land of love,
He is thy glory all ;
Fain would we see this King of kings,
Fain at his feet would fall.

Glad round his throne the new song swells,
New unto every soul ;
Only the ransomed learn that song,
They by Christ's blood made whole.

Filled with the glory of his face,
And with his gracious love,

Are all thy streets and mansions fair,
Jerusalem above.

Clothed with the righteousness of Christ
Are all, thy gates within,
For they who dwell in thee have found
Pardon for every sin.

There is no pain, sweet land of light
For those who dwell in thee ;
No one shall hunger, no one thirst,
And no one tired be.

Jerusalem, dear land of rest,
No mortal tongue can tell
What bliss, what happiness, is theirs
Who in thy mansions dwell.

Up to thy gates of shining pearl
When we in gladness go,
Then shall our spirits find fulfilled
More than we've dreamed below.

For here we can but dream of thee,
City of God, our King ;
E'en at the mention of thy name
Our souls in gladness sing.

Jerusalem, some day for me
Thy gates shall open swing,
Then shall I know thy wondrous joy,
Then shall I see my King.

THE RIVER.

HOLDING the hand of my Lord
As I walked by his side,
Hearing his own loving voice
As the voice of my guide,
Happy my soul should have been
In the light of his face,
Yet came a little dark cloud
And o'ershadowed his grace.

Why did I linger and fear
By the side of my God?
Many had whispered to me
That the road which we trod
Downward would lead us, ere long,
Into darkness and shade;
Then was my soul 'neath the cloud,
And my spirit dismayed.

"There was a river," they said,
"Flowing deeply and wide."
Surely my courage would fail
At the swift-rolling tide;
Then was my soul overcast
With the cloud of despair,—
Oh for the light of my God,
And the joy of his care!

"Child!" oh that pitying voice
Speaking softly to me,
"Hast thou forgotten the price
I have paid but for thee?"

Canst thou not trust, from the way
I have led thee before?
Come!" and my hand in his own
We went onward once more.

Then did the hand of my Lord
Loose its hold for a space,
Stood I in wondering thought
All alone in the place;
What! came the sun to mine eyes
In such glory of light?
Oh most enchanting of scenes!
Was it vision, or sight?

Stood there a country so fair
- That mine eyes filled with tears,
Never my soul had so longed
For this land with no fears;
Glimpse of shining ones came
With their faces of peace,
Showing from sorrow and pain
Heaven's perfect release.

Then hid the beautiful gates
That fair vision from sight,
Came now my guide unto me
With his raiment all white;
Yet was my soul filled with joy,
For he said unto me,
"Unto that country of peace
I am walking with thee.

“There is no river so dark
For the children of God,
Up to yon Paradise fair
Leads the road they have trod ;
There is no shadow of death
For those trusting in me ;
Have I not gained for them all
Over death victory ? ”

Then we went onward again ;
Oh the depth of his grace !
How could my soul but rejoice
’Neath the light of his face ?
Gone were my doubtings and fears,
He had said unto me,
“Up to that country of peace
I am walking with thee.”

Now I am glad in the trust
That I have in my guide,
Glad in the help of his grace
As I walk by his side ;
Nothing my spirit shall need
As I cling to his hand,
While he is leading me home
To the heavenly land.

Miscellaneous.



BIRD-LIFE.

TWO happy brown birds in a tree,
No sorrow nor care ;
They are building a wonderful nest close by,
Nothing above it but leaves and sky,
And glad they sing in the elm tree high
That the world is fair.

Two loving brown birds in a tree,
With their joy complete ;
Four tiny blue eggs in the mossy nest,
Under the mother-bird's soft brown breast,
And she sings to the one loved best
That the world is sweet.

Two busy brown birds in a tree,
And a cry for food
From four yellow mouths that chatter and call,
Day after day in the elm tree tall,—
And still the brown birds sing through it all
That the world is good.

Two lonely brown birds in a tree,
And the rest soon told ;
For the brown birds see, as they sit alone,
An empty nest whence their young have flown,—
And soon they fly to lands unknown,
For the world is cold.



DANDELIONS.

SWEET is the message
These wee flowers bring,
Telling of sunshine,
Of bird-songs and spring.

Over the green earth
Their petals unfold,
Till hills, fields, and meadows
Are dotted with gold.

“Yellow weeds,” people say,
Treading them down ;
But each one seems to me
Like a golden crown.

By and by comes a change ;
For some fair day
Each flower spreads its wings,
Flying away.

No more a golden crown
Doth each one wear,
Fairy-like, misty robes,
Light as the air.

Not long linger they here
Robed in their white,
Spreading their wings they fly
Far from our sight.

Of the way which they journey
We never have heard,
Of the land they are seeking
They tell not a word.

Their stay is as short
As the yellow-bird's song,—
One moment we see them,
And then they are gone.

We may wander in vain
O'er the meadow-lands green,
Of the misty, white spirits
The last we have seen.

*A DREAM.*

DOWN among the nodding clover,
Fragrant, sweet-breathed, bending over
Where the willows droop their branches,
And the birds flit softly by,—

Where the lilies lift their faces
In the deep and shady places,
Fell I fast asleep and dreaming
Underneath the summer sky.

Strange the dream that came and thrilled me,
For it seemed a new life filled me
With a pure and holy rapture
That I ne'er had felt before :
All my sin and pain and yearning
Into joy and gladness turning,
Till I lay in sweet contentment,
And my soul asked nothing more.

"Tell me," then I cried, still dreaming,
"Whence this life and what its meaning?
Dreamy lilies, nodding clover,
Do ye hold the wondrous thing?
If 'tis thine, sweet bird, beside me,
To its source I pray thee guide me,
In this joy beyond all others
Let my heart forever sing."

Low the lily-heads bent over,
Still and fragrant breathed the clover,
Sang the bird its joyous carol,
Caring not for word of mine,—
When a faint light shone before me,
Stealing, pure and radiant, o'er me,
And I saw one stand beside me
Whom I could but call divine.

'Twas a dream, I know, yet dreaming,
Quick my spirit read its meaning
In the pure eyes, deep and tender,
 Looking downward into mine ;
 And I cried, in very gladness,
 Now farewell to pain and sadness ;
I have found the life I dreamed of,
 For I know that life is thine.

Gone the day, and gone my dreaming,
Yet the wondrous, mystic meaning
Lingers o'er me, dwells within me,
 Making life grow pure and sweet ;
 Yet I see one stand beside me,
 Feel his loving presence guide me,
Till the dream is lost in living
 And I find my joy complete.

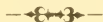
Ye, who longing for life's glory
Find it but in dream or story,—
Lo ! to-day, one standeth near you
 Who can change the dream to life ;
 Take that life, in spirit lowly,
 Ye shall find it pure and holy,
Reaching, in its grand completeness,
 Far beyond earth's pain and strife.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

I READ, one day, that flowers were the
thoughts
And fancies of the angels up above,
And as the pretty fable met my eyes
I wondered how was made the flower I love.

Perhaps an angel caught, with lightest touch,
A bit of blue from some sweet baby's eyes,
And touching it with just one tint of gold,
Robbed from a sunbeam playing in the skies,

Held it a little while within his hands,
Then dropped it down to earth, in careless
thought ;
And some one, passing, caught it up with joy,
And called the wee, blue thing "Forget-me-
not."

*NINE MONTHS OLD.*

SING me a little glad song
That is every whit new,
Make it of all the bright things
That the baby can do ;

Wonderful things his wee mind
Has begun to unfold,
Have you forgotten, to-day
He is just nine months old?

Nothing is new, do you say,
That this baby has done?
Not such another has lived
'Neath the light of the sun.
See how he looks at you now,
In his earnest surprise;
All that you seek you may find
In those sober blue eyes.

Sing me a little glad song
That has never been sung;
Tell of the gifts he has had
Since his short life begun,—
Gifts that the nine months have left
On their swift, flying way;
Think of them all while you wait,
And then count if you may.

One, is the dimple, half hid
In his fat, rosy chin,
Two, is the squeal that comes out
When his mouth puckers in,
Three, is his fluffy, light hair
That at rest never lies,
Four, is the glad, ringing laugh
That shines out in his eyes.

Five, you may take for his thoughts,
For he has not a few,
Six, for the two tiny teeth
That are just peeping through,
Seven, his tears,—they would fill
But a very small cup,—
Eight, for the queer, cunning face
When his wee nose turns up.

Nine, for the sweetness that goes
From his head to his feet,—
There's not a baby, of course,
In the world half so sweet.
Now, can you tell me again,
While you shake your wise head,
Nothing the baby has done
That has never been said?

Then sing a little new song
For the baby and me ;
When you have finished it all,
If 'tis glad as can be,
Why, I will put it away
When he is just nine months old,
And, some day, I'll read him the song
That has never been told.

A FESTIVAL SONG.

GLAD we greet you here to-night
In the happy time of spring,
While our hearts with joy are light
We our song of welcome sing ;
In the May we meet you here,
Happiest time of all the year,
Birds are singing, skies are clear,
And to-night glad hearts we bring.

All the earth is green and fair,
Flowers are blooming far and near,
Birds are singing everywhere,
Glad because the spring is here ;
And to welcome you to-night
We with heart and voice unite,
While the skies above are bright,
And the summer time draws near.

Standing in the May of life,
We have only seen the sun ;
By and by will come the strife,
And the battle to be won.
Let us then be glad and gay
Ere the spring shall pass away,
Singing always through the May ;
Only once life's " May " shall come.

BOBOLINK.

THERE is music for the sea-breeze,
There is music for the sea,
There are songs for all the pine-trees,
And there's one sweet song for me ;
Bobolinkum ! bobolinkum ! full and glad and
free,
Well I know the song you're singing, bobolink,
for me.

He has flown all day before me,
And one thing is strange to me,—
I can hear his song sound o'er me,
But the bird I do not see ;
Bobolinkum ! bobolinkum ! yes, you're lost to
view,
But I'll search the field and woodland, bobo-
link, for you.

There's a blackbird in the hollow,
There's a robin by the rill,
There's a thrush that you may follow
By his merry-hearted trill ;
But for my one sweetest singer I have searched
in vain,
Hearing but the mocking echo of his song's
clear strain.

You may say that he is singing
To his mate on some far tree,
But I know his song is ringing
Out its gladness just for me ;
Bobolinkum ! bobolinkum ! sweet the rippling
tune,
Yes, my tiny woodland singer, I will find you
soon.

Lo ! I part the boughs in wonder,
For my bobolink is flown
To a nest the green trees under,
House and household all his own ;
Bobolinkum ! bobolinkum ! but I turn away,
Mate and nestlings cluster round him, need I
longer stay ?

There is music for the sea-breeze,
There is music for the sea,
There are songs for all the pine-trees,
But there's no sweet song for me ;
Bobolinkum ! bobolinkum ! full and glad and
free,
But no longer you are singing, bobolink, for me.

PICTURES AND THOUGHTS.

[At the Christmas before her death Millie arranged a picture-album, entitled "Pictures and Thoughts," the leaves ornamented with the pictures named in the headings below, and each alternate page containing an original sonnet appropriate to the surrounding pictures. It was her Christmas gift to her father and mother, and the verses are given as illustrative of her habit of seeing God's hand in all the beautiful things he has made.]

PANSIES.

PANSIES for thoughts,—
 Some bright, some pure and stainless,
 Some grand and high ;
 Some, breathing out their sweet heart-meanings,
 In meekness lie ;
 And each one telleth of his glory
 Who rules on high :
 Pansies for thoughts.

BABY FACES.

Oh the little winsome, baby faces
 That the Heavenly Father sends to earth !
 Bringing light and joy to life's dark places,
 Who can tell or know their priceless worth ?
 Little guides are they to lead us nearer
 To the Father who hath sent them here ;
 Little lights to make the pathway clearer,
 Little songs of joy the world to cheer.

ROSES.

The white rose is the emblem of Christ's life,
All perfect, stainless, pure ;
The red rose bears our thoughts to Calvary,
Where he our sufferings bore ;
And the fair tea-rose, touched with golden light,
Tells of his triumph over death's dark night.

BUTTERFLIES.

Bright-tinted butterflies,
Fain would I know
What life hath taught to you,—
Whisper it low.
Soft cometh the answer down,
Sweetest of things,—
“That, in our greatest need,
God giveth wings.”

FRUIT.

There was an apple, long ago,
So reads the fairy lore,
That if one person touched or smelled
He ne'er did sorrow more.
I used to wish that unto me
The apple might be lent ;
But since, I've found one of my own,
And it is called “Content.”

BIRDS.

The summer comes and goes,
The joyful birds take wing ;
Father, thou guidest them
Into the land of spring.
I watch them in their flight,
And pray thee, as I stand,
So guide me home, at last,
To thy fair summer-land.

FLOWERS.

Oh little frail, sweet flowers,
I wander joyfully
To find your pure, fair faces,
Wherever they may be :
For you lead me very near to him
Who cares for you and me.

ANIMALS.

Through the forest, tall and stately,
Roam the creatures God hath made ;
In their need his care is o'er them,
By his hand their wants are stayed ;
No one lives its life neglected
In the great plan he hath laid.

FERNS.

The ferns, I think, are teachers in the wood ;
And, very low and clear,
Lessons they give, so sweet, so full of truth,
That all the flowers near
And e'en the great trees catch the whispered
words,
And bend their heads to hear.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The leaves fly down,
All gold and brown,
" 'Twill snow," they cry, " we'd best be going."
" They do not know,"
The trees say low,
" That spring comes always after snowing."

CLOSING PAGE.

Beautiful things of life,
Lowly, or great, or small,
Oh teach our hearts to look above,
And see God's pure, unchanging love
Which lives within you all.



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